

# Good Morning 367

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Blitz or Not—Show was on

By Dick Gordon

THE theatre that never closed its doors is in the news again—it's copyright trouble this time.

Ravenous Rita Hayworth has just completed a lavish Technicolor film six thousand miles away that tells the story of a London theatre that never closed during the London raids. You'd think that was good, but it's bad.

The only theatre that stayed open during the thick of the London blitz was the Windmill, so general manager Vivian Van Damm claims the story to be about the home of revue-deville.

You heard about the five-shows-a-day girls who defied the bombs that hit the streets and buildings all around. The glamour show-offers who slept in their dressing-rooms



Windmill girls kept steady during blitz.

will be "To-night and Every Night." Advance publicity says plainly that it's based on the Storm play.

Yet Columbia's managing director, Joseph Friedman, tells me firmly: "We are not making any film about the Windmill, and 'To-night and Every Night' has nothing to do with the theatre or with Mr. Van Damm."

Bros. Peter Lorre says: "I had just finished the part of the murderer in the German film 'M' when I received the invitation from Hitler. I declined, saying that I thought Germany 'has room for only one mass murderer of my ability and yours.'"

V.D., for his part, says the film is obviously about his theatre, and as he's never given permission for such a picture he intends to stop the film being shown.

"If they attempt to bring the film out in this country, I'm going to injunct them," he vows. "They've changed the name of the picture, but it's about a theatre which stayed open through the blitz."

"I don't want to make money out of it, but I'm not going to let them show the film in this country if I can prevent it."

Personally, knowing the girls, the theatre, and V.D., I'm sorry about the bother. It's a grand story, this, and should be screened, but the stars should be Huia, Peggy, Margot, Sonia, and the belles who did the job.

The setting should actually be in Piccadilly, so that history would for once be truly recorded.

PETER LORRE, prominent anti-Nazi in the days before Hitler seized complete power in Germany, has been invited by Emil Feurst, member of the cultural sub-committee of the Free Germany group in Moscow, to return to Germany after the fall of Hitler. The invitation has been sent to other anti-Nazi artists in Hollywood, among them Paul Henreid.

Peter Lorre incurred the Nazi wrath in 1933 when he refused Hitler's invitation to stay in Berlin and appear in Nazi pictures. Lorre left for America three days before the Nazis seized control.

He came to Britain in 1936 for Gaumont-British, and has since made pictures in Hollywood for Warners. His latest is "Passage to Marseille," with Humphrey Bogart, which will be seen in this country soon.

In a letter to Max Milder, managing director of Warner

BORN in the small Fifeshire village of Glen Craig, Gladys Mary Fleur de Lys Peebles, as a young girl, set her heart on a stage career. And this is how she made good and became an E.N.S.A. volunteer for the Second Front.

After several years as a civil servant she volunteered for work in a munition factory, and found her first chance to show her outstanding talent. So successful was she that E.N.S.A. invited her to London for an audition.

Now she has joined Archie de Bear's latest Second Front party, "Put It There," which is all set to go overseas. But as Gladys Mary Fleur de Lys is rather a mouthful, E.N.S.A.'s new and talented artist has taken a short and simple stage name. Just eight letters—Flora Lee.

THAT a Hollywood marriage has worked out like normal folks like to think is right is proved by the William Powell affair.

From M.G.M.'s place I have a letter from Bill that tells the tale.

"Four years ago to-day we signed a contract. You are hereby notified that I have just exercised my option on the next forty!" That is the message Diana Lewis received from husband William on the occasion of their fourth wedding anniversary.

Bill's gift to Diana was an unusual clock. The timepiece requires no winding. It depends on the atmosphere to keep it running. The weather contracts and expands a small metal gadget, and that's what keeps it ticking.

The Powells are honeymooning again in their Palm Springs home, and will remain there until studio commitments call them back to Hollywood.

# RICE COMES TO

# RESCUE!

By Pat Spencer

WE have heard a great deal, and shall yet hear more, about the call for nourishing foods for the war-starved populations of Europe.

Now rice shows signs of coming to the rescue. It will look like the ordinary white rice we knew before the war. It will cook in the same way. But in reality it will be a very different proposition.

It will mean longer and far healthier lives to at least half the world's population—the rice-eating half; and certainly much better health to any of the other half who choose to eat it in reasonable quantities.

THIS revolution has been brought about by an English food chemist, Eric Huzenlaub, and a former American produce broker turned research worker, Gordon Harwell.

Both men had been working from the common knowledge that the manufacturing process which strips the husk from rice, leaving the polished white product known to commerce, also strips nearly all the food value from the cereal. Both men had complementary ideas.

So they pooled them, and now they are producing—in Houston, Texas—what they have christened converted rice, 200,000lbs. of it daily for the U.S. Army.

And within a few months new mills now building will multiply that output many times.

Creamy in colour, and

turning snowy-white in cooking, the new rice contains up to 80 per cent. of the mineral and vitamin food value of the natural unpolished grain.

How that food value has been forced back into the grain is the story of many years' struggles by the two men concerned.

At first they had to work with home-made apparatus, and only in the last two years have they received any practical encouragement or help from the authorities.

Their process, now perfected, consists, in non-technical language, of first cleaning the rice in the ordinary way, then placing it in a vacuum tank in which the air is sucked out of the grain, the cavity thus formed in turn sucking in the vitamins and minerals applied in heat form, the food-charged grains then being sealed by steam treatment.

The result is an attractive cream-coloured grain which cannot lose any of its vitamin or mineral value in washing or cooking.

Recognition has now come swiftly to the two men.

Stringent experiments by the U.S. Army have proved that the new rice is not only impervious to attack by weevils (the millions-of-pounds scourge dreaded by all millers), but will keep for years in almost any kind of climate without a sign of deterioration.

Colonel R. Isker, research director of the U.S. Quartermaster Corps, has described the process as one of the most significant scientific developments of World War II.

And quartermasters are notoriously sparse with their praise!

From another angle, Dr. R. R. Williams, of the U.S. National Research Council, has said that the process may well revolutionise milling methods throughout the world.

What is quite certain is that it will be a great factor in improving the health of the world in the years of peace to come.

## All's Well at Home, Tel. Roy Sutton



THE "Good Morning" representatives did a good job of work for one little girl when they called at No. 15 Willows Lane, Fairgrove, Rochdale.

Yes, Telegraphist T.O. Roy Sutton, the little girl was your 18-month-old niece, Doreen. And the job we did was to save her from that awful bore—an afternoon nap.

Your sister had just put Doreen down when we arrived, but when she realised that we had a camera with us, the temptation to wake her up was too great, and a few minutes later she emerged from the bedroom carrying a tousle-headed Doreen, who was obviously as pleased as Punch.

Doreen has become patriotic these days, Roy—yes, even at her tender years—she has developed the family craze for gardening, and try as your parents may to dissuade her, she sticks to her guns, or rather to her soil, and continues with her gardening.

The fact that she pulls the flowers up instead of the weeds, or pushes the lawn mower along upside-down, doesn't seem to matter.

Doreen is doing her war work, so everything is fine!

It was the "Salute the Soldier" Week for your district at the time we called, and your Mother told us how your Father had marched in the procession the previous Saturday.

Your Mother sent her love to you, Roy, and asked us to tell you that the peas are doing fine.

Bertha sent her love to you and told us to tell you that she met Audrey the other day, and she is going to spend the evening with her in the near future. She and Amy went to see "The Lamp Still Burns" the evening before we called. They both enjoyed it, but Bertha said that she was a little disappointed, as it turned out to be totally different from what she had expected.

All's well at home, Roy. Good Hunting!



IT is always pleasant to record what certain Hollywood people are doing to entertain the Servicemen.

Joe E. Brown, who returned recently after visiting nineteen countries, has certainly done his bit.

His trips included India, China, Burma, Africa, Italy, Arabia, Persia, the South Pacific and Australia.

"Wherever he went," says a correspondent, "he left in his wake a lot of happy hearts."

He was the first man to brave the rigours of the long trip, and he put on shows any time, anywhere, "from the steaming jungles of Assam to the frigid plains of China."

He worked in great stadiums and in improvised huts, in hospitals, and among the forward bulldozers.

One son, Capt. Don E. Brown, was killed in a bomber crash in October, 1942, the other son, Joe Leroy Brown, is in the Army.

Incidentally, the entire cost of Joe Brown's 150,000-mile tour was borne by the comedian himself. It was in the nature of a memorial to his son.

Well done, Joe!

Mr. Van Damm is an enthusiastic aviator.



and went on the stage to sing carefree numbers when the audience was counting the explosions all around.

Well, such a story has been put on celluloid. Novelist Lesley Storm, impressed by the guts and devotion of these London girls, wrote a play, which he called "The Heart of a City."

The play opened on Broadway, where it didn't do too well. But it was obviously a movie story, and Columbia stepped in and bought the screen rights.

They talked of sending a Windmill girl to Hollywood to appear in the film. The title

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# CROOKED BUTLER

## PART 7

IN restless mood he ambled about the town for some time. Returning by a roundabout way to "Jago's," he caught sight of Gregory Pyne again. A well-set-up man in loose grey tweeds was by his side. Martin saw the parson pointing; then he waved as he caught sight of his watcher, and Martin turned with a feeling that he had been caught spying.

But Pyne was saying at the moment:

"That's Lynn, the fellow who's coming to dine to-night. He's a novelist, and he's travelled a good deal. He's the only man round here that I should care to drag into this business."

They walked on towards Polruth.

"You're pretty sure about Watson, I suppose?" the Major asked after a brief silence.

"Pretty sure. But I want your confirmation."

"Oh, I should know him all right."

"I hope he won't know you."

"Not at all likely. And, if he did, I shouldn't give it away."

Now that other blighter Shoreham might. He was really at the bottom of all Nation's troubles."

"I don't recall Shoreham," the parson said, "though I heard the gossip, of course."

"Oh, he was a real bad egg—time's proved that. I had him at Brentford Gaol, three years ago. Forgery."

The parson stared ahead.

"There's the pub," he said, "and—by Jove! there's our man. Look, quick! Just getting into that car."

A motor car stood by the "Cos-

## Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

warth Arms," and Mr. Harold Watson was being assisted to it by the obsequious Bealing.

Major Morrow began to sneeze violently. He made no answer, but took out his handkerchief and blew his nose with vigour.

Pyne looked at him curiously. "What's up with you?" he asked.

"Yes, that's James Nation right enough," he said. "And there's something pretty deep behind all this, Pyne. That waiter chap. Do you know who he is?"

"Bealing. He was Harry Coswarth's butler until a day or two ago."

"He was Clive Shoreham at Oxford, and Clive Shoreham when I had him at Brentford." He continued. "Who's this Harry Coswarth? Anything worth stealing there?"

Gregory Pyne looked pained. "Silver—and pictures, I suppose. Coswarth's a scatter-brained spendthrift bachelor. He sold his library last summer."

"Sold his library!" Morrow became suddenly alert. "Nation. Think. Doesn't the name suggest books?"

The parson stopped dead. "Mount and Nation," he said slowly. "Morrow, you don't mean to say he's that Nation?"

"He is. The Sloane Street firm. Now where are we coming to?"

"This is getting a bit deep for me," Pyne answered.

ALTHOUGH it took barely twenty minutes to drive over to Polruth Rectory, Martin left home soon after dusk that afternoon, and drove to the cliff.

Half-way along the road he slowed, and turned off his headlights. When his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, he drove the car for some fifty or sixty yards on to the soft turf. It was quite safe from observation there. Martin extracted from the back of his car an awkwardly filled sack containing, amongst other things, a spade, and set off into the darkness.

He was late in reaching the Rectory, and, as he apologised to Pyne, he drew attention to his muddy boots.

"I got lost, driving down from the clubhouse. Got on to the moor somehow, and had a dickens of a time finding my way back," he exclaimed.

Dinner went more easily than Martin had expected. Martin was considerably interested to learn towards the end of the meal, that Morrow was a prison governor.

"What do you think Pyne's flock would say if I told them I first met him in gaol?" he said cheerfully. "It's a fact, though."

The parson smiled quietly. He had been rather silent, Martin thought.

"Quite true," he said. "At Brentford, where Morrow was entertaining one of my black sheep. A thoroughly good chap, really, but for his uncontrollable passion for getting into other people's houses."

They were still discussing crime and criminals when they moved into the parson's study for coffee. Martin, one arm on the mantelshelf, was developing a theory on motive in crime. There was always a reason for everything, he maintained. Find the reason—greed, revenge—whatever it was—and you would go far towards finding the criminal.

Pyne broke in abruptly. "All right, Lynn. Here's a little problem for you—the other way round. Suppose you've got

your criminal: can you deduce his crime?"

"I should think so," Martin said, a little confused at the suddenness of the question.

"Very well. What's a convicted felon doing disguised as a waiter at the 'Coswarth Arms'?"

Martin looked at his host in blank amazement.

"At the 'Coswarth Arms'?" You're joking, Pyne. I don't follow."

Morrow sat back in his chair. His keen grey eyes were fixed on Martin's bewildered face.

"That's the case," the parson went on blandly. "I'll be quite frank with you: I wanted you to come over to-night so that we could discuss it—all of us together. Bealing's the man."

"But, good Lord, padre, you can't mean that!"

"Tell him, Morrow," said Pyne. The Major explained; he spoke in concise, almost official phrases, while Martin listened in a state of complete confusion.

"Those are the facts," the Major finished tersely. "I'm sure of the men. I never forget a face. Clive Shoreham's a thoroughly bad lot. He was sent down from Oxford for a gambling fraud that ought

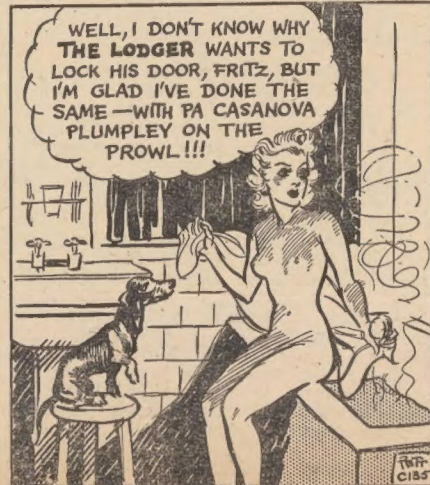
## With Our Roving Cameraman



OUTSIZE WHEEL.

And yet it is not outsize in the Argentine, but just a common rear wheel of a wagon. They need these big wheels for the roads—if you can call them roads—in the country districts. So now you know why there are so many "revolutions" in South America.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Musical instruments. 6 Young animal. 10 Wealth. 11 Garment-maker. 12 Press chief. 14 Additional. 15 Small lump. 16 Gossamer. 18 Custom. 19 Acted. 21 Nothing. 23 Festival. 25 Charm. 28 Skill. 30 Fair animal. 31 Pet nation. 33 Disinclined. 35 Intimation. 37 Flattened at poles. 38 Kiln. 39 Swarm. 40 Compendium.

CLUES DOWN. 1 Exposed. 2 Lower. 3 Fluent. 4 In rear of ship. 5 Of smooth shape. 6 Fabrication. 7 Refer. 8 Small plant. 9 Zephyr. 13 Bird. 17 Through. 19 Dog. 20 Water lizard. 21 Keen partisan. 22 Toy. 24 Vestiges. 26 Aloft. 27 Self. 29 Garment. 31 Number. 32 Surface depression. 34 Flesh food. 36 Colloquially clothe.

SLAP DEFORM POLITE IDEA ASLEEP GIGS HEY TOT OAK I FATEFUL SALON NOSED TABULAR R GOT SIN FLY ANEW SCALED LINO TYRONE ACTORS MEAN

## QUIZ for today

1. A tod is a drink, year-old baby, piece of turf, weight of wool, printer's term?
2. Who wrote (a) Peregrine Pickle, (b) Pride and Prejudice?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Compasses, Tee-square, Level, Dividers, Ruler, Protractor.
4. Who invented the autogyro, and when?
5. What is the longitude of the Fiji Islands?
6. What is the meaning of "toast," when you drink one?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Feable, Feesible, Feeler, Feeture, Fealty, Feeing?
8. What is a whipping boy?
9. What element causes the flash in lighter "flints"?
10. What were the first successful balloons filled with?
11. Could Beethoven have lit the gas?
12. How many animals can you think of beginning with W?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 366

1. Bedouin game.
2. (a) Dryden, (b) Tom Hood.
3. Antirrhinum does not belong to the buttercup family; all the others do.
4. The year 1666, famous for the Dutch War and the Great Fire of London—the "Year of Wonders."
5. Liechtenstein.
6. Knee-cap.
7. Simulate, Silimenter.
8. Herb for making absinthe and vermouth.
9. Columbia is a plateau in N. America; Colombia is a country in S. America.
10. Domremy.
11. The Koran.
12. Tit, Moa, Kea, Mew, Emu, etc.

The parson looked up sharply and nodded.

"I happened to see her, and I didn't altogether like the look of things, so I followed too," he explained frankly.

"But who was it?" Martin asked, seriously worried now.

"I don't know. I wish I did. But that's what I mean by being uneasy. Miss Pendrew ought not to wander about alone at such odd times of day."

They worried at the problem for some time, but Martin, growing more and more uneasy, seized an early opportunity to leave. He felt he was playing a not very creditable part in this conversation. He had constantly to be on his guard; his lack of frankness must be very noticeable.

"I'd like to think the matter out," he told Pyne as he stood at the door. "I feel you're right. There's nothing to go on yet; one must just watch. Let me know if anything develops, and I'll do the same."

He drove off full of perplexity. Pyne went back to his guest.

The Major stood at the table, mixing himself a whisky and soda.

"Lynn knows a good deal more about this than he'll tell," he said. "Is he keen on this Pendrew girl, do you think?"

"It hasn't occurred to me," the parson said evasively. He stood gazing in a despondent way at the fire. Morrow's grey eyes fixed on him for a moment; then he began to talk of other things.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—313

1. Put a donkey in the SR and make a railway carriage.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Notes a grillon soms grathes on.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change COLD into HEAT and then back again into COLD, without using the same word twice.

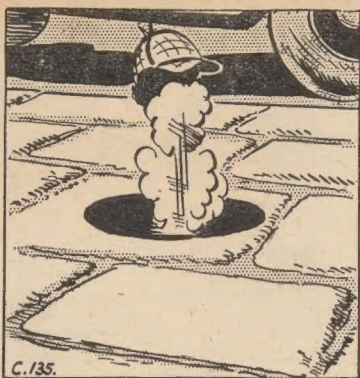
4. Find two hidden birds in: A photo of your girl to develop? Eli can do her on his special machine. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order in each case.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 312

1. GanneT.
2. It's no use crying over spilt milk.
3. BOY, bog, bag, ban, MAN, mat, fat, fay, jay, joy, BOY.
4. Ve-get-a-ble.



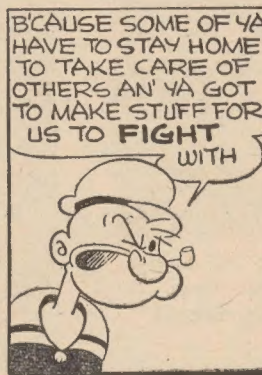
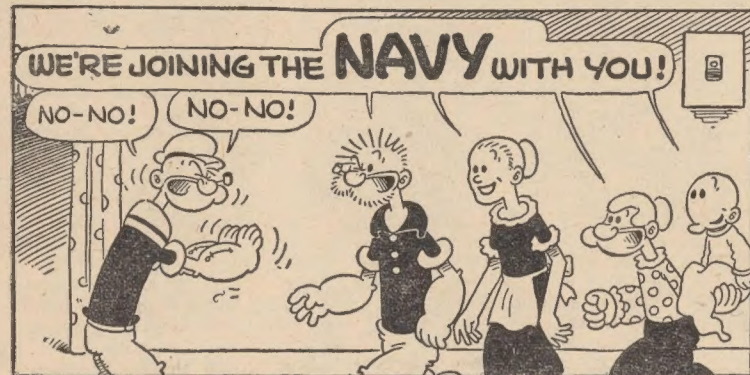
## BEELZEBUB JONES



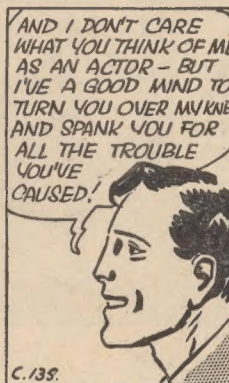
## BELINDA



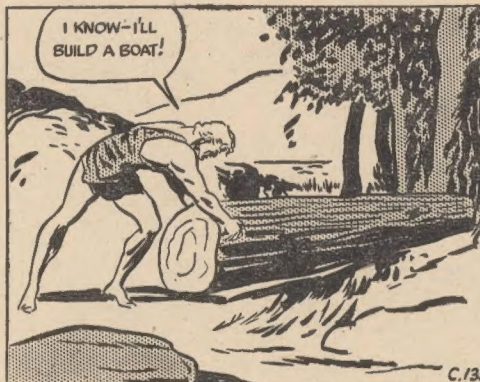
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Hours of the Years

By Martin Thornhill

ON the face of it, there seems good reason to christen the first month of the year January. The ancients' god Janus had two heads, and could, so to speak, look backward at the old year and forward to the new.

But in early times January was not the first month. March began the old ten-month year, though December ended it.

Men have been seriously grappling with the problem of measuring Time since the days of Julius Caesar, and they haven't settled it yet, though the ancient astronomers knew exactly how long it took the earth to make its annual journey round the sun.

In a well-meant effort to make the calendar year tally with the sun year, Caesar scrapped the old calendar and decided on a year of 12 months, the odd months to have 31 days, the even 30, excepting February, which was to be content with 29, and 30 every fourth year.

Calendar reforming was not free from acts of self-glorification. If great-uncle Julius's month was worthy of 31 days, surely August had a right to the same number, thought Augustus, the new Roman Emperor, born in that month.

So he borrowed February's 29th day and gave it to August, leaving the Cinderella month still worse off with its present basic 28.

It took men another 1,500 years to realise that by the Julian system the world had been losing eleven minutes ten seconds every year. By 1532 there was a discrepancy of eleven days.

There was only one thing to be done to remedy this—drop eleven days from that year and establish a new calendar in which the year would be lengthened by five hours 49 minutes.

Pope Gregory XIII was responsible for this, but the Gregorian calendar, rather than add this awkward period to each year, prescribed one extra day every 300 years.

Later on England followed suit, the daylight-saving switch being child's play compared to the great occasion when people went to bed on September 2nd, 1752, and awoke next day to find it was September 14th.

At the same time January 1st was established as New Year's Day.

The present year is a leap year, but not alone because it is divisible by four—the popular belief.

The year 1900 was not a leap year, although 2000 will be.

By adding a day every fourth year we allow for the excess sun year. But in the course of a century we have added almost a day too much. Therefore the years divisible by 100 are not leap years unless they are also divisible by 400.

Still we go on scheming to bring the calendar to perfection. To make each year alike, and to divide it into twelve equal months by omitting the surplus days and hours—these to be holidays—is a plan that has been seriously considered, mainly in the interests of business. But the proposal has not yet won general approval.

However, at least one step forward has been made on the question of a fixed Easter. More than forty years ago Chambers of Commerce first crusaded against the movable feast. In 1928 Parliament passed on Act fixing Easter as the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April. This followed a report in its favour by a League of Nations Committee in 1926.

But the Act is not to operate till the reform is universally adopted, and in the present unsettled state of the world there seems little likelihood of that for several years to come.



"GOOD GRACIOUS!—HAS THE WOMAN NO SENSE OF DECENCY?!"



Good Morning

"GERTCHA! STOP SHOVING, CAN'T YER?"



"A feller can't have a quiet sit down in the park these days without a St. Bernard blowing down his neck!"



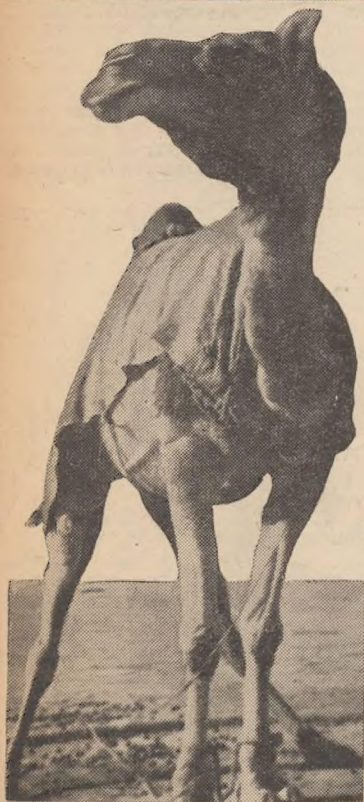
Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Other what? Ask Sam Goldwyn, who chose these beauts.



"Here we Go Round the Mulberry Bush" — or — What Happened when Liza, the London Zoo Rhino, got peeved.



"Out of my way, suckers!" (A Malayan fishing owl in flight.)



"'Ship of the Desert,' they call me. Y'Alla! I wish I were in port!"



## This England

The cool, quiet serenity of the village pond on a Spring day.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Here I come"! Our Cat in full flight.

